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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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## The Divine Bovine

An Udderly Ridiculous retelling of "Jack and the Beanstalk"

**COMEDY FOR YOUNG AUDIENCES.** Betsy, the cow from "Jack and the Beanstalk," hijacks the original story and tells an "udderly" ridiculous version in which she is the star. In it, Jack's mother, a shopaholic drama queen, sends Jack to the market to sell Betsy, but Jack trades Betsy for three magic beans, which grow into a giant beanstalk. Jack climbs the beanstalk and encounters a short "giant" who mistakes Jack for a delivery guy and gives him some gold coins. After hiring a butler and going on another shopping spree, Jack's mother is broke again, so Jack brings her some golden eggs from a goose that tells bad jokes. But Mother's shopaholic ways finally catch up with her when the repo man arrives. Afraid Mother will end up in a debtors' prison, Jack steals a golden harp, knowing it's only a matter of time before the real Giant will come looking for his missing gold. Meanwhile, Betsy's new owner has created a traveling show that stars Betsy as a bovine fortuneteller, and only Betsy, "The Divine Bovine," can fix this mess! Audiences will love this bovine bonanza!

**Performance Time:** Approximately 60-75 minutes.

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Illustration by Arthur Rackham from the 1918 edition of *English Fairy Tales*. The giant cried, "Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman. Be he alive, or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread!"

## About the Story

The story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is derived from a folktale that existed prior to the first printed fairy tale version in 1734, "The Story of Jack Spriggins and the Enchanted Bean," included in book *Round About Our Coal-Fire*. Many versions of the story exist in which the giant is sometimes referred to as Bluderbore or Gogmagog but is often unnamed. In the original tale, the Giant was a victim of Jack, who hid in the Giant's house, robbed him, and then killed him. In numerous later versions, the Giant appears as a villain who terrorizes and/or steals from villagers, including Jack's father.

## Characters

(3 M, 3 F, 5 flexible)

(With doubling: 2 M, 3 F, 2 flexible)

(With tripling: 2 M, 2 F)

**BETSY:** Cow that Jack trades for three magic beans; later tours as "The Divine Bovine," a fortunetelling cow; female.

**JACK:** Grows a giant beanstalk with magic beans and discovers the Giant's kingdom in the clouds; male.

**MOTHER:** Jack's mother, a shopaholic drama queen; wears a fancy dress and blingy jewelry; female.

**ARTHUR:** New butler hired by Jack's mother; male.

**CARL:** Vendor who purchases Betsy; sells crystals and healing stones at the market; Betsy thinks he's a wizard; male.

**ANZO:** Tells Jack that he's a giant who is small for his age but is really the Giant's kitchen hand; flexible.

**GABBI:** A goose who lays golden eggs, thinks her jokes are hilarious, and loves to play the game Yonking Yolks; female.

**HARPER:** Plays a golden harp; flexible.

**REPO MAN/WOMAN:** Sent to repossess items Mother can't afford; a little rough around the edges; flexible.

**FURNITURE MOVER:** Delivers Mother's new furniture; flexible.

**VENDOR:** Tries to sell goods to audience members; flexible.

**GIANT:** Has a low booming voice; voiceover; male.

**EXTRAS (opt.):** As additional Vendors.

## Options For Doubling

ARTHUR/CARL/GIANT (male)  
ANZO/VENDOR (flexible)  
GABBI/REPO (flexible)  
HARPER/FURNITURE MOVER (flexible)

## Casting with Four Actors

ACTOR 1: JACK (male)  
ACTOR 2: MOTHER/ANZO/VENDOR (female)  
ACTOR 3: CARL/ARTHUR/GABBI (male)  
ACTOR 4: BETSY/FURNITURE MOVER/HARPER/REPO  
WOMAN (female)

## Setting

Countryside and cloud forest.

## Sets

**English countryside.** A backdrop may be used.

**Interior of a Jack's house.** An old English cottage

**Marketplace.** A backdrop may be used.

**Forest with a meadow in the clouds.** A backdrop of a castle floating on clouds may be used but is optional. A backdrop depicting a harbor, meadow, and gorge in the clouds may be used but is optional.

## Synopsis of Scenes

- Scene 1:** English countryside.
- Scene 2:** Interior of Jack's house.
- Scene 3:** Marketplace.
- Scene 4:** English countryside.
- Scene 5:** Interior of Jack's house.
- Scene 6:** English countryside.
- Scene 7:** Forest and meadow in the clouds.
- Scene 8:** Interior of Jack's house.
- Scene 9:** English countryside.
- Scene 10:** Interior of Jack's house.
- Scene 11:** Forest and meadow in the clouds.
- Scene 12:** Interior of Jack's house.
- Scene 13:** English countryside.
- Scene 14:** Interior of Jack's house.
- Scene 15:** Forest and meadow in the clouds.
- Scene 16:** Interior of Jack's house.
- Scene 17:** English countryside.
- Scene 18:** English countryside.

## Props

Carts and/or tables on wheels to market wares  
Assorted crystals/healing stones  
Basket  
Skillet  
Old carrot  
Shoe  
Cowbell  
Beans  
Box of chocolates  
Trunk of a giant beanstalk prop that is easily moved on and off  
(e.g. a cardboard cutout)  
3 Large gold coins  
Pile of invoices  
Gold eggs  
Bouquet of flowers  
Vase  
Large sack  
Golden harp  
Bag for harp  
Note  
Rope

## Sound Effects

Doorbell

Growing sound

Exit music, for Betsy

Sound of a tree creaking

Sound of a tree falling to the ground

The divine Bovine

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"After being cast aside,  
dismissed,  
and rejected,  
'The divine Bovine,' Betsy,  
was called upon  
by the very people  
who betrayed her..."

-Carl

## Scene 1

(AT RISE: English countryside. Betsy enters.)

BETSY: (To audience.) Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. (Encourages the audience to respond.) My name is Betsy, the cow from "Jack and the Beanstalk." You might remember me from children's books, bedtime stories, and even a couple of feature films. And might I say, my performance has been *fabulous* in all of them. The way I exude expression, my emotional range, and my ability to connect with my audience... (Tries to connect with an audience member.) ...is second to none. However, there is one teeny-tiny problem: I'm only two seconds of the story. I get a single scene: Jack takes me to the market and comes back with some beans. And that's it! (As Jack.) "Betsy, it's been swell, but you're done!" And if you think about it... (Sits down by an audience member.) ...being traded for three lousy beans can have a serious impact on a person's self worth, am I right? (Waits for audience response.) I'm surprised I turned out as glamorous as I did. I mean, have you ever seen a more glamorous cow? (Betsy encourages the audience to respond with adulations, reacts to the praise, and cuts the audience off.) Plus...the story you're told at bedtime and in movie adaptations isn't even the real story. I did it! Me! I'm the one who *saved* everyone from the giant, but does anyone know that part of the story? Nope! Not even a thank you. (Pause.) Okay, there were a few thank-yous and a parade, but I did not go down in fairytale legend! But don't you worry. That all ends today. Today, I'm hijacking this performance and retelling my own version. Today, people, it's time you all got the real story! Are you ready? (Audience responds.) So welcome to "Jack, but mostly Betsy, and the Beanstalk"! Let us begin. Once upon a time in a magical land far away— (Stops.) Boring! New version: In a *super*

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old English village when magic was still a legit thing, there lived a boy, Jack, and his mother. Times were tough. Jack's father was gone. Jack and his mother were left to take care of the farm on their own...

*(Betsy exits singing her own exit music and may prompt the audience to join in, if desired.)*

Scene 2

(AT RISE: Inside Jack's house. Mother enters, wearing a fancy new dress and blingy jewelry.)

MOTHER: (Calls.) All right, gather 'round! Family meeting! I have something of the highest import I wish to discuss with you! (Pause. Louder.) I said, family meeting! (Pause. Shouts.) Jack get in here!

(Jack rushes on.)

JACK: Coming, Mom! Sorry, I was out doing my morning chores, and I didn't hear you right away.

MOTHER: (Pretending to be pleasant.) Never mind that. You're here now. How are you this morning, my darling boy?

JACK: Quite well. I wish Betsy would eat a little more. She's eating less and less feed every day. When Dad fed her —

MOTHER: (Pretending to be pleasant.) That's what I wanted to talk to you about. It's Betsy...

JACK: What about Betsy?

MOTHER: Well, sweetheart, she's getting on in years, and the fact of the matter is... (Melodramatic.) ...your father has left us with nothing! Not a single silver coin to carry on in this world without him! How could he?! How does he expect us to live?! There's not even enough food to fill a single shelf in our kitchen cupboard.

JACK: (Noticing her dress.) Mom, are you wearing a new dress?

MOTHER: (Lying.) What? No! I've had this old thing for years.

JACK: (Unconvinced.) It looks pretty new...

MOTHER: Well, it isn't! What was I saying? (Remembers.) Oh, yes. (Melodramatic.) We won't even be able to pay rent.

The cellar is empty, and the wheat fields are bare. It's hopeless, Jack! Absolutely hopeless! I can't carry on like this! We're going to be living on the streets, I just know it! Why?! Oh, why me?!

*(Mother flops down in front of Jack. Jack notices her jewelry.)*

JACK: Mom, are you wearing new jewelry?

MOTHER: *(Lying.)* Don't be ridiculous, Jack! These are old gifts from your father that I must treasure now that he's gone. *(Melodramatic.)* Oh, the pain! The agony! To be alone in the world! To be alone, penniless, and raising a child! What did I do to deserve this?! *(Doorbell. Immediately gets up and answers the door. Pleasantly.)* Come in...

FURNITURE MOVER: We have a delivery for this address...a new red velvet chaise lounge. Where do you want it?

MOTHER: *(Pointing.)* Through there. In the bedroom.

FURNITURE MOVER: Whatever you say. *(Starts to exit. To offstage, shouts.)* Time to unload!

JACK: Mom, did you order new furniture?

MOTHER: *(Lying.)* Of course not, dear. They must have the wrong house.

JACK: But you just told them to unload.

MOTHER: *(Lying.)* Did I? I don't recall that.

JACK: I literally just heard you say—

MOTHER: *(Angry.)* Jack! *(Melodramatic.)* The point I'm trying to make is that if we are going to have any chance of surviving in this cruel world, we are going to need to be extra careful and conserve our resources, which is why I need you to sell Betsy at today's market.

JACK: What?

MOTHER: I spoke with a vendor on the road this morning, and he's willing to make a good trade.

JACK: Maybe the only reason we're broke is because you just bought a whole bunch of expensive stuff. I mean, who

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really needs a chaise lounge? Is it a bed? Is it a couch? It can't even make up its own mind.

MOTHER: Jack! Those are two completely unrelated issues.

As I am your mother and the only adult in your life, you must listen to me!

JACK: But—

MOTHER: We're selling Betsy, and that's final!

JACK: But—

MOTHER: Sell the cow, Jack!

JACK: I don't—

MOTHER: Sell her or—

*(Furniture Mover enters. The chaise lounge is in the "hallway" offstage.)*

FURNITURE MOVER: So, where do you want it?

MOTHER: Oh, right this way. *(Points off.)* I'll show you. *(To Jack.)* I'll see you when you get back from the market. *(To Furniture Mover.)* Be careful going through the door. I don't want any crushed velvet! *(Laughs at her own joke. Exits.)*

JACK: *(To himself.)* Oh, Betsy, I'm so sorry ol' girl.

*(Jack exits. Blackout.)*

### Scene 3

(AT RISE: Marketplace. Vendor and Carl enter. Each Vendor rolls or carries on a small table to market their wares. Carl's table is filled with crystals and healing stones. He busies himself behind his table. Vendor grabs a basket of goodies from the top of his table. Carrying the basket, Vendor approaches audience members and attempts to sell them his wares.)

VENDOR: (Pulls a skillet out of his basket. To audience, calls.) Pots, pans, baskets, and breadboxes! Everything you need for the modern 18<sup>th</sup>-century English kitchen! It's all at my table in the market! (Pulls out an old carrot from the basket.) Fresh vegetables, "not so fresh" vegetables, and "we think you can eat it" vegetables. There's something for every shopper at our table in the market! (Pulls a shoe out of the basket.) Cobbled shoes! Get your cobbled shoes here! We got oak, walnut, elm, and cherry wood! Tell your lady friend you want to sweep her off her feet with a pair of our softwood shoes!

(Jack and Betsy enter. Betsy is excited to be away from the farm. Vendor returns to his table and rolls it off as he exits. Jack and Betsy wander over to Carl's table.)

BETSY: Ooooooh! Jack, look at this table! Look at all the magic crystals and shiny stones! I bet this dude is a serious sorcerer or maybe even a wizard! Oh, what I wouldn't give to meet a wizard!

JACK: Betsy, calm down. (Looking at stones.) Whoa, what is all this stuff?

(Carl pops up from behind the table.)

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CARL: Ah, yes! I've been waiting for you. *(Nods to both.)*  
Jack, Betsy. I'm Carl.

BETSY: *(Surprised.)* Wait! What? *(To Jack.)* The dude knows our names! That's some serious, crazy, hocus-pocus wizard action! I bet this guy can read minds! *(To Carl.)* What am I thinking right now? Go on, tell me! Tell me! Tell me! *(Strikes a pose, as if she is thinking something and trying to transmit her thoughts to Carl.)*

CARL: Oh, no! I don't do that! I simply met Jack's mother on the market road this morning, and she told me to expect you.

BETSY: *(Disappointed.)* Would have been cooler if you were a wizard...

CARL: *(To Jack.)* Now, your mother said you were looking to sell your cow. *(Indicating Betsy.)* She's a bit on the slender side and definitely getting along in years, but—

BETSY: *(Insulted.)* Excuse me! Excuse me! Excuse me! First off, I'm not old! I'm middle-aged, and there's a *huge* difference. *(To Jack.)* Second off, you brought me here to sell me?!

JACK: Betsy, I can explain—

*(Betsy makes the gesture "talk to the hand" for Jack to stop talking.)*

CARL: Your mother had initially requested 50 shillings, but I can see from your situation that you are in need of much more. I am willing to trade Betsy for these three magic beans.

*(Betsy is so upset she has a conniption and is speechless. Note: The more humorous, the better.)*

JACK: Magic beans? Really?

CARL: Yes, yes. I could give you 50 shillings and be on my merry way, but you and your family will spend that money in a week, maybe two. And then where will you be? You

will have nothing left to sell. You will be alone, with no income, out on the street. At least, with these magic beans, you have a shot—

JACK: You expect me to believe that these three beans—

CARL: Not just any old magic beans! The sorcerer who creates them prophesied that the planter of these magic beans will have riches beyond compare, more wealth than a person could ever imagine.

JACK: (*Excited.*) Whoa!

BETSY: Okay! Back off, wizard man! Jack, this is ridiculous! Right now, you quite literally get all the milk for free...all the moo juice you could ever want! *And* it's organic and unpasteurized! Centuries from now, shoppers will endure crowds at the Sunday morning farmer's market just to buy a drop of what I'm producing! Do you really want to give all this... (*Strikes a pose.*) ...up for *beans*?

JACK: Betsy, I wish things were different, ol' girl, but you know ever since my dad left we've barely been scraping by. Maybe with these magic beans I'll have a shot, and then after a little while, I can buy you back. I mean, what do I have to lose?

BETSY: (*Melodramatic, sadly.*) Oh, I dunno...it's just that you're my best friend—

JACK: Betsy, please try to understand—

BETSY: (*Melodramatic, upset.*) Oh, I understand perfectly! You stay with a family your entire life...dedicate yourself to them...care for them...keep them safe and *feed* them every day forever! All of your energy goes into them, and then one day, when they've sucked your poor black-and-white speckled body dry, they turn on you! And for three lousy beans, no less!

CARL: I think you mean three *magic* beans enchanted by the most powerful sorcerer in the realm.

BETSY: (*Shouts, angry.*) Not the time, Wizard!

CARL: Yes, sorry. (*To himself.*) Read the room, Carl! You're being a bit tone-deaf!

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BETSY: *(To Jack, impassioned.)* Do you even know what those three lousy beans do? For all you know, you'll plant those magic beans, and they'll grow three ginormous brown slugs that surround your farm with mounds of slug slime! And you know what?! You'd deserve it!

CARL: I believe I mentioned riches and unimaginable wealth. I'm not sure where the slug slime came from.

BETSY: Here, Jack, take your three magic beans! I hope the horrific smell of slug slime reminds you of your betrayal! And when it all goes sideways, you can beg until the cows come home, but this cow is foreclosing forever!

JACK: Betsy, please—

BETSY: *(Starts to exit.)* Wizard!

CARL: Again, I'm not a wizard. I'm Carl.

BETSY: Wizard! *(Hands Carl her cowbell.)* Play me some storming off music, if you please!

*(Carl hands Jack the magic beans and then starts to play the cowbell as Betsy exits.)*

CARL: *(To Jack.)* Good luck. I hope the magic beans work out for you.

JACK: Goodbye. Maybe I can visit when she calms down.

CARL: That would be nice. We could do tea.

JACK: I'd like that.

BETSY: *(Offstage, shouts.)* Wizard!

*(Carl exits after Betsy. Jack exits opposite. Blackout.)*

Scene 4

(AT RISE: English countryside. Betsy enters.)

BETSY: (To audience.) So, Jack, after betraying his *best* friend, happily skipped home with the three magic beans that he got from a random roadside salesman, who wasn't even a real wizard. *Lame!* Can we just stop for a second and really think that through? Jack sold his best friend for three "magic" beans that he wasn't entirely sure were *actually* magical? I mean, isn't that kinda weird to you? (Waits for audience response.) Humans! I'll never understand you! As I was saying...after his oh-so-pleasant trip to the market, Jack returned home to tell his mother about his trade. His heart was filled with hope and optimism...except you've all just met Jack's mother, so you all know that three magic beans were not what she was expecting, right? Not even close! So Jack gets home and... (Exits, singing her own exit music and prompting the audience to join in. Blackout.)

Scene 5

(AT RISE: Inside Jack's house. Mother enters, carrying a box of chocolates.)

MOTHER: (Popping a chocolate in her mouth.) Mmmmmm. Cherry truffle. Delicious! So good! (Picks up another chocolate.) And what is this one? Mmmmm. Caramel fudge!

(Mother grabs a handful of chocolates and is about to put them all in her mouth when Jack enters and sneaks up behind her.)

JACK: Are you eating chocolates?

MOTHER: (Surprised.) Baahh! (Throws the chocolates.) Oh, no! My babies! Jack, I didn't hear you come in.

JACK: Since when can we afford anything except gruel?

MOTHER: Don't judge me, Jack! (Starts to cry.) I am a heartbroken woman! I need chocolate to cope! How was the market? Did you find the right vendor? Did you get a good price? He didn't try to cheat you, did he? I swear, if he—

JACK: You mean, did I pick money over friendship? I did what you asked.

MOTHER: Well then, hand over the money! Oh, Jack, think of it—gold plates, silk sheets, and shoes encrusted with jewels! I can barely contain my excitement! Gimme the money! I knew that cow would fetch a high price!

JACK: Here.

(Jack hands Mother the magic beans.)

MOTHER: (Looking at the beans.) Um...what...what are these?

JACK: Beans.

MOTHER: I can see that, Jack! But where's the money? You were supposed to get 50 shillings for that cow!

JACK: The vendor said the money wouldn't last, so he gave me the beans instead. He said they were magical.

MOTHER: (*Laughing hysterically.*) Magical?! Ha! You've been taken for a fool! That slimy con artist has tricked you and you let him! I can't believe you, Jack! I was counting on that money! How am I going to pay for all of this? This dress? These jewels? Oh, and the furniture? What am I going to do?!

JACK: You could just return them.

MOTHER: (*Angry.*) How dare you?! You don't just return a chaise lounge. What would everyone say? Now, you listen to me...I sent you to get me 50 shillings, and you're going to get me 50 shillings!

JACK: From where? It's not like money grows on trees.

MOTHER: (*Angry.*) Maybe it grows on beanstalks! (*Throws the beans out of the window or door.*) Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to eat my few remaining chocolates and then cry into my chaise lounge in a weak attempt to forget my loneliness. Come back when you have 50 shillings, Jack! (*Gathers up her chocolates and exits.*)

JACK: (*To himself.*) What am I going to do? Fifty shillings? If Betsy were here, she'd know what to do... (*Sadly exits. Blackout.*)

## Scene 6

(AT RISE: English countryside. Betsy enters.)

BETSY: (To audience.) That night, everyone slept, and I packed up gemstones and mood crystals for a self-proclaimed non-wizard. Me and the wizard were becoming fast friends. I yelled a lot, and he gave me whatever I wanted. It was friendship built on mutual respect and understanding. He was such an adorable little pushover. Anyway, that night, something happened that defied all the laws of the natural world. From the very spot where Jack's magic beans had landed, a giant beanstalk began to grow. (Makes dramatic hand gestures to summon the growth of the beanstalk. A "growing" sound is heard, but nothing happens.) A beanstalk began to grow! (Again, makes dramatic hand gestures to summon the growth of the beanstalk. "Growing" sound is heard, and nothing happens. Louder.) A beanstalk began to grow! (Again, makes dramatic hand gestures to summon the growth of the beanstalk. "Growing" sound is heard, and nothing happens. Pause. Realizes.) I see! I think we're lacking some collaborative synergy here! (To audience.) Could you all help me? (Audience responds.) Repeat after me, "A beanstalk began to grow!" (Audience repeats it. Nothing happens.) It's not enough. You'll need to do the hand gestures as well. (Demonstrates dramatic hand gestures. To audience.) Repeat after me, "A beanstalk began to grow!" (Audience repeats and does hand gestures. Nothing happens. Realizes.) Oh! We forgot the music. One more time...all together. (Betsy and the audience repeat with hand gestures and "growing" sound cue.) A beanstalk began to grow! (Crew members carry on a beanstalk trunk or a cardboard cutout of a beanstalk and plop it down in front of Betsy. To audience.) Yes, yes, a beanstalk grew, immediately, in the wink of an eye, with absolutely no outside help. And man, did that thing grow! Like, for real,

that thing grew! It grew up into the heavens, and by morning, no one could see the top. Which, I might add, is of considerable concern. Would it come crashing down with a strong gust of wind? What if it was struck by lightning in a thunderstorm? Did no one at any time stop to question the safety of this massive organic structure exploding out of the earth?

*(Jack enters and sees the beanstalk.)*

JACK: *(Shocked.)* Wow! A beanstalk! I'm gonna climb it right now! *(Climbs up the beanstalk or mimes climbing up the beanstalk.)*

BETSY: *(To audience.)* Apparently not. Jack climbed up the beanstalk, and what he found at the top was unexpected... *(Exits, singing her own exit music and encouraging audience to join in. Blackout.)*

## Scene 7

(AT RISE: Forest and meadow in the clouds. Jack enters, exhausted after climbing up the beanstalk.)

JACK: Whew! I made it to the top! Whoa! Look at this place! That's a castle floating on clouds. Look at it! It's huge! (Jumps off the beanstalk.) Whoa, and look at this forest! It's massive! I can't even see the treetops! I'm walking on clouds in a floating forest, and I'm not falling to my death! You hear me, world? I'm not dead!

(Jack performs a humorous victory dance. The more over the top, the better. Anzo enters.)

ANZO: (Shouts.) Yeah, we can all hear you! Trust me, the souls in the afterlife can hear you! Are you the delivery guy? You got my order of pheasant?

JACK: What?

ANZO: (Irritated.) Oh, don't tell me you got the order wrong again! You're the worst! You will not be getting a good review from me when the town crier comes. Not a single star! And I'm known *all* over the Giant's kingdom.

JACK: Giant?

ANZO: All I wanted was a chill night...maybe watch some jousting with a delicious meal of pheasant and potatoes— (Shouts.) Pheasant that I don't currently have! I mean, did you bring anything to eat, like, at all? What kind of delivery guy delivers nothing?

JACK: Oh, no, I'm not— (Stops.) Are you really a giant? I've never seen a giant before. Although...I thought giants were a little bigger.

ANZO: Well, fee-fi-fo-fum! Aren't you a regular wise guy? (Lying.) For your information, I *am* a giant. The name's Anzo. And I want it stated for the record that I might be

small for my age, but I'm due for a growth spurt any day now, so you might want to watch what you say to me!

*(Anzo shadow boxes around Jack.)*

JACK: I didn't mean anything by it. I'm Jack. I just came up the beanstalk—

ANZO: Now, wait a minute! You came up a beanstalk? You came up this beanstalk? What the—? *(Approaches beanstalk.)* You're a human? Like a *real* human? *(Jack nods.)* They'll hire anyone these days. I always thought you'd be smaller.

JACK: Guess I already had my growth spurt! *(Nervous laugh.)* Ha-ha...

ANZO: A real wise guy, aren't ya? *(Pause.)* I like you! Come on, I'll show you around. The grand tour! *(For the following, he pulls Jack around, showing him parts of the kingdom. Jack has barely enough time to breathe before Anzo drags him to each location.)* That right there is Humongous Harbor...

JACK: Those ships are over 100 feet—

ANZO: And over here, we have the Massive Meadow...

JACK: Nice, I—

ANZO: And that's Gigantic Gorge. They say the gorge is so big most giants can't jump it, but I probably could if I tried.

JACK: This place is enormous! A giant kingdom up in the clouds! An actual giant standing right in front of me!

ANZO: Yeah, well, what can I say? We giants are impressive!

JACK: Oh, and what's that place? *(Points to the castle.)*

ANZO: *(Lying.)* That's just my castle.

JACK: Can we go? I bet your room is bigger than my whole house!

ANZO: No! My house isn't that cool. It's actually on the smaller side. Why don't we go see some jousting instead?! You ever see two giants jousting? It will blow your mind!

*(Suddenly, a loud booming voice is heard in the distance.)*

GIANT: *(Voiceover.)* Anzo!

*(Anzo looks very anxious.)*

JACK: Who's shouting?

ANZO: *(Lying.)* That's just my...neighbor. You know, a giant's voice can travel for miles!

GIANT: *(Voiceover.)* Anzo!

ANZO: *(To Jack.)* On second thought, today's not the day for jousting. The weather is starting to turn—

JACK: *(Looking up.)* What are you talking about? There's not a cloud in the sky, except for the one we're standing on.

ANZO: Yup, it's gonna rain. We giants have a sixth sense for these things. You should probably go! Long way down. I bet—

GIANT: *(Voiceover.)* Anzo! Let's go! I'm waiting!

ANZO: Eeeek! *(To Jack.)* Yup, definitely time to go! *(Pushes Jack toward the beanstalk.)* I mean, there could be thunder and even lightning! You don't want to be on the beanstalk when there's lightning, right? Oh right, totally forgot! Here you go. *(Hands Jack three large coins.)* Sorry, it's not much of a tip, but I think that's pretty generous considering you showed up without the food. Gotta go! *(Rushes off.)*

JACK: *(Calls.)* But I'm not the delivery guy! *(Looking down at the gold coins in his hand. To himself.)* Three gold coins? But they're meant for the delivery guy and not for me. *(To audience.)* I don't see a delivery guy, do you? There's no harm, right? I mean, he practically shoved them into my hand, and Mom is never gonna believe this! *(Goes the beanstalk and begins to "climb" down. Blackout.)*

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**